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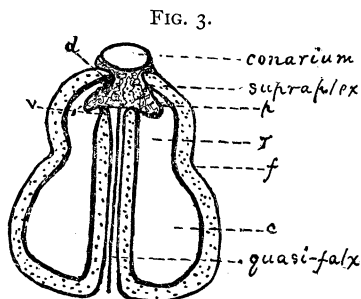
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FIG. 3.—Transection of No. 424, just cephalad of the conarium ($\times 3$). In this the plexus is not so thick in the dorso-ventral direction, but its prolongations (covered, like all plexes, by endyma) are bulky, and cause the dorsal and ventral margins of the rima (*d*, *v*) to be far apart. Between the mesal surfaces of the lobes is a line representing the membranous but tough *falx*, the exact relations of which to the plexus are not determined; *c* points to the ventral or true cerebral portion of the procoele; *r* to its dorsal part, which is more directly continuous with the cavity of the olfactory lobe. The lateral furrow

(*f*) may be significant, but may also be the result of alcoholic shrinkage. It does not appear in No. 425.



TERIAS LISA.

(At Ship Island, Gulf of Mexico.)

FRAIL habitant of yonder shore,
 From off the leaf that sheltered thee
 What wondrous craft thy being bore
 Safe through the cyclone of the sea!
 Thy citron-yellow wings are bright,
 And soft the rosy fringe they wear,
 And rays of gloom and silver bright
 Adorn thee, blossom of the air!

The Cassia, on whose silken flower
 Thy fragile life its being fills,
 What hast thou garnered of its dower
 To waft thee where thy spirit wills?
 What dream of flowers of fairer hues,
 Of lights more beautiful than dawn,
 Of winds of balm and honey-dews
 Allured thee ever on and on?

Thou didst but ask, O faëry sprite,
 A blossom cup, the morning beam,
 Companions for thy circling flight,
 And love to share thy rainbow dream!

Here on the white, sea-drifted shore
Thy feeble, fluttering life I scan ;
Thou tellest the lesson o'er and o'er,—
Thou art the history of man.

Laura F. Hinsdale.

BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORS: E. D. COPE AND J. S. KINGSLEY.

WHY does not some master-mind arise and give us a complete work upon unnatural history? Such a treatise is a great desideratum, for its publication would be a great boon to the scientific world. Were there such a work in existence no doubt Congress could be induced to make a liberal appropriation and furnish copies gratis to all who should apply for them. The saving this would afford to publishers and the relief it would vouchsafe to readers and editors would be inestimable, for then that innumerable throng longing to get their names and their lucubrations in print would have no excuse for existence; all their "discoveries" would be forestalled. No more would audiences be bored with fanciful theories of the way in which the ancient Egyptians carved all the Pyramids out of solid rock; nor would editors be compelled to wade through manuscripts proving "incontestably" that albinos were always the result of fright in the pregnant mother, because albinos are most abundant in rabbits, and every one knows that rabbits are the most timid animals in the whole world.—*Q. E. D.*

As was intimated in the opening sentences, a complete unnatural history requires a master-mind and abilities of no common order. There are, it is true, many works which fall but little short of perfection in this line; but, still, a careful search reveals lapses which ruin them as complete encyclopædias of misinformation. Usually the failure arises from the fact that the author is utterly unconscious of the nature of the treatise he is producing. He works in sober earnest, thinking to surprise the whole world; and he would do so were it not that in an evil hour he allows a few really credible facts to creep in. The qualifications necessary are an instinctive ability, not to be ac-